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VOL. 4. NO. 98

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

NOVEMBER 9.

1861.

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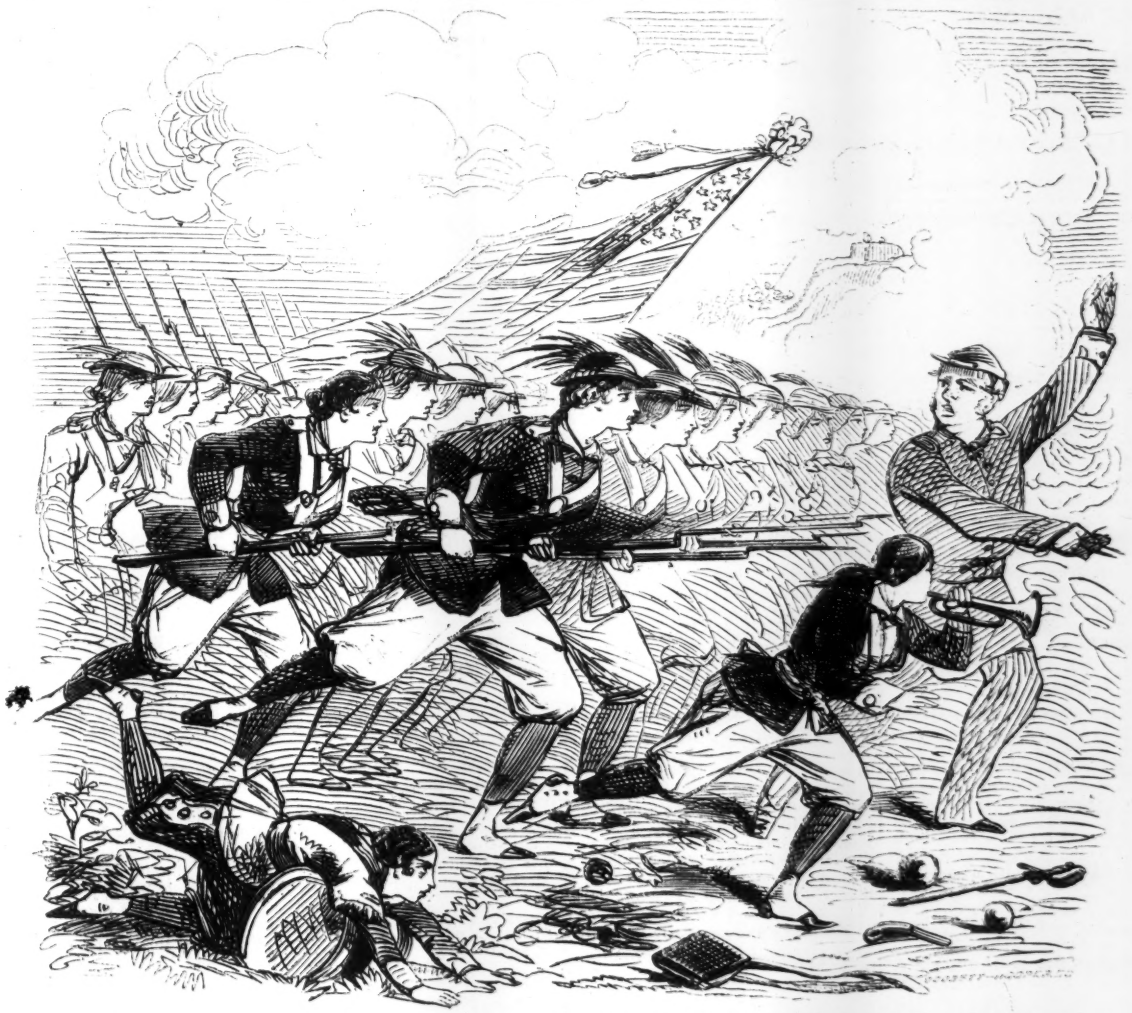

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WOSHY-BOSHY,

—OR—

The Prestidigitating Squaw of the Snakeheads.

CHAPTER III.

Woshy-boshy was about two hundred and forty years old, but his mind was unimpaired. He was as vigorous mentally as he had been a hundred and seventy-six years before.

There was a touching pathos about many of this savage's speeches.

Meeting a party of white emigrants on the plains one day, he said: "Brothers! the red man welcomes you to the wild hunting grounds of the West. The pale face will some day drive us from here. How is our Great Father at Washington? I belong to a race that is fast becoming extinct. Is there any whiskey or red pocket handkerchiefs in the party?"

Bursting into tears, Woshy-boshy then scalped the emigrants, took their money and handkerchiefs, and fled to the primeval forest to conceal his emotion.

He was of good blood. His father had been a red man of Gorilla proclivities, and had attained considerable local celebrity as a strangler of estray Mokes.

Woshy-boshy, however, rather inclined to cannibalism.

He had in his childhood slain and eaten his grandmother, and he ever after alluded to her, with a depth of feeling which did credit alike to his head and heart, as "a sweet woman," a tear glistening in his sorrel eye the while he spoke.

"I wish there had been more of her," he one day said, while in a playful mood. "Grandmother on the half-shell is good."

He had a keen appreciation of humor.

His temperament was atrabilious, with a marked tendency to etherealosity, but he was a hearty eater, and rose at five; and although sometimes exhibiting flippancy in his converse, he was not knock-kneed or cross-eyed.

In battle he shone with marvellous lustre—like a coal-oil lamp, I may say.

Mounted in a trotting sulky and driving a pair of sombre mules tandem, he would drive furiously around in the rear of his warriors, and order them on! and then he would drive home and have his mules put up, leaving his warriors to *on*.

One night as he sat in his wigwam, smoking another of Shanly's

Brier Wood Pipes and discussing the Morrill tariff with Mullen the artist, he heard a horse railroad car stop in front of his wigwam; and directly there entered, in hot haste, a youthful Snakehead.

"How now, good Wo-no-she? Comes the eagle-eyed brave with good tidings?"

"Woshy-boshy! listen to Wo-no-she. My eye ain't so eagle as it was! The Silvertoes have beat us in a fight and captured sixteen of our braves. They are now in Fort Lafayette."

"Ha!" cried the chief, a sweet smile lighting up his bay countenance, "that's good! They'll take the Oath of Allegiance in a few days and get out, possibly bringing away some of the spoons with them. If they don't escape in this way we must smuggle some washtubs into their cells. The washtub business has only been done once, and I regard it as a rather large thing."

"They shall be free!" cried Wo-no-she, his knife leaping from his belt as he spoke; "Wo-no-she swears it!"

"Hunkey boy!" said Woshy-boshy.

"When will you have a battle?" inquired a gentleman named Etynge, artist for an Illustrated paper.

"Well, I don't exactly know," said Woshy-boshy, placing his forefinger thoughtfully upon his forehead. "When does your next paper come out?"

"In about two days."

"Well, we'll get you up a gallant skirmish this evening, and perhaps a total route of the enemy. But a gallant skirmish sure. The pictorial papers must be encouraged."

"Then I will go to work on my sketches at once," remarked the artist.

"All right. But in whatever position you sculp me be sure and give me a fierce nostril!"

"A picture of a battle, with real blood, would be a fine thing," remarked a savage with a dapple-grey countenance.

"It would indeed!" said Woshy-boshy. "But we cannot force Art. Art must take her time. And indeed Art has made rapid progress. Already it enables the skillful draughtsman to vividly sketch a battle several days before it occurs! Bully for Art, says Woshy-boshy!"

"Bully for all!" cried the dapple-grey savage.

"Which reminds me of my new ballad," said Woshy-boshy. "I will sing it. You have a great treat before you:"

I'll sing to you a bully good song,
Bully aborigines, bully aborigines!
Join in the chorus and help it along,
Stewed peas, stewed peas!

"Isn't 'stewed peas' rather far-fetched?" inquired a tall-complexioned savage. "Don't you think it mars the rythm?"

"Not at all, sir. I wrote it in the Iambic measure. Don't rouse me to anger, if you please, sir!" returned the chief sternly. He however composed himself and proceeded with his composition:

We're bully boys with copper skins,
Bully for all, bully for all!
And we'll knock the Silvertoes off their pins,
Previous to next Fall, previous to next Fall!

At the conclusion of the ballad the savages joined in an Ethiopian walk-round and dance, Woshy-boshy "patting" with all the vigor of a young man of ninety. Nobody who saw him "pat" would for a moment think that his mind was impaired.

(To be Continued.)

None too Civil.

At an informal gathering of military and miscellaneous gentlemen held the other evening, at the bar of an up-town hotel, the sarcastic old Dusenberry, being repeatedly urged by a gallant curb-stone Captain to offer an appropriate sentiment, finally yielded, and (rather rudely, we think,) came out with, "The Health of the Broadway Home Guard—All 'Swell!"

Interesting to many a Body.

Without meat and drink, Mars is but an indifferent soldier. The judiciousness of furnishing a body of men with a good supply of spirits and animal food, preparatory to their taking part in an engagement, is well set forth in that passage of a popular Scottish melody running—"Gin a body—Meet a body."

A Trying Reverse.

You call for aerated bread and musty ale; instead of which the waiter blandly supplies you with aerated ale and musty bread.

A HARD CASE.

Adolphus—(*Giving the cradle containing his infant a vindictive kick.*)—THUNDER! TO THINK THERE'S THAT GIRL WORTH A QUARTER OF A MILLION, FALLEN OVER HEAD AND EARS IN LOVE WITH ME—AND HERE AM I A MARRIED MAN.

Unwholesome Bread Stuff.

We read a few days ago, the harrowing tale about a baker who at Brooklyn does dwell, finding a loaded, bomb-shell in the centre of a barrel of flour about to be converted by him into bread. If our bread is to be thus adulterated by the wily agents of Rebellion, the look-out is a baddish one for those who prefer it toasted, because the idea of gunpowder toast is anomalous, and utterly at variance with the laws of explosives. The *Daily Times* wonders why the infernal apparatus was placed in the barrel of flour. As to this, the only suggestion we have to offer is, that the bombastic person who put the bomb there imagined the flour to be the flour of the Federal army, and wanted to destroy it just about the time it was most likely to be kneaded.

What it Means.

The *London Times* says our independence is all "stuff." V. F. agrees with the Great Blunderer; it is the kind of stuff JOHN BULL needs most—Bread Stuff.

"Though we say it who shouldn't."

Why is MCCLELLAN'S Army like VANITY FAIR?

Because it is distinguished for the Bravery and Brilliancy of Its Columns.

To an Ignorant Correspondent.

The execution of the Grand Pas referred to by the critics does not imply the hanging of grandfathers.

A WORD TO LANDLUBBERS.

When a Landlubber first essays a saline sail o'er the "ocean blue," which to V. F.'s thinking is rather green, he is popularly supposed to be not only fresh in the ways of old Salts, but inclined to do a larger amount of heaving than the vessel to which he has consigned his valise and other invaluables, including life, liberty, and the pursuit of knowledge. V. F. desires to divest the minds of all Landlubbers henceforth and forever, of sundry errors in regard to nautical matters into which they may have doubtless fallen, in consequence of a too frequent indulgence in the tarry-toplight and all hands ahoy novels, and a too firm reliance upon the fidelity to nature of the Black-eyed Susans, and Long Tom Coffins of the Bowery.

V. F., therefore in pursuance of this charitable object respectfully informs those who are about assuming the Perils of a voyage that—

The Stern Post is not an evening paper.
The berths on board do not necessarily add to the census.
The Hatch ways are not Hens' nests.
Pugilists are not engaged to Box the compass.
The Way of the ship is not the extent of her avordupois.
The Boatswain does not pipe all hands with a meerschaum.
The Braces are not suspenders.
The Ship does not have a wake over a dead calm.
The Swell of a ship's sides is not caused by the Dropsy, nor is the taper of the bowsprit a tallow candle.
The Deck is not a pack of Cards.
The Hold is not the vessel's grip.
The trough of the sea is not dug out of the ship's log.
The crest of a wave is not an indication of its rank.
The Buoy is not the Captain's son.
The men are not beat to quarters with a club.
Seamen do not blast their eyes with gunpowder and a slow match.
Ships are never boarded at Hotels.
When a vessel is buried in a wave it is not wrapped in its shrouds, and when she is hogged she is not necessarily laden with Pork.
The bow of a ship is not an evidence of its politeness.
A sailor's stockings are not manufactured from a Yarn of his own spinning.
The cat-o'-nine tails is not a *lusus naturæ* of the feline species.
You cannot rig a ship with a yoke.
The "strands of ocean" are not made of hemp.
The sails of a ship are not made by an auctioneer, nor are the stays constructed by a milliner.
Mariners do not clean out their chests by the use of Lozenges or hoarhound candy.

Varnish for Sticks.

Among the novelties in clothing, we find announcements made of a water-proof garment, "warranted not to be sticky." This ought to be interesting to the many awful persons connected with oratory and the stage, to whom a Habit anywise the reverse of "sticky" would be fresh and becoming.

A "De Jure" Opinion.

One of the non-committal members of the jury in the case of the "Savannah" pirates, avers that a corsair armed with a boarding-pike must not be considered as "A Salt with a dangerous weapon."

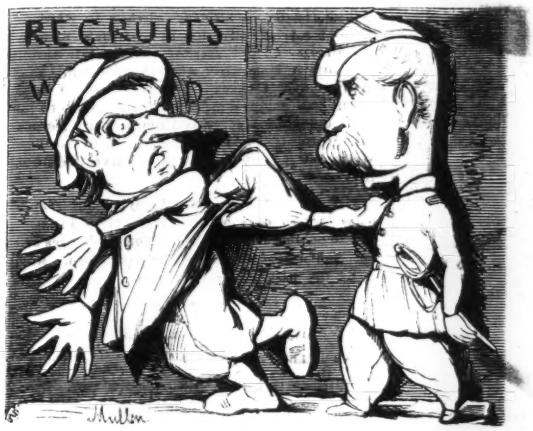
Free Translation of "In Vino Veritas."

Brandy Peaches.

Literature for War Times.

Reviews and Magazines.

HARDEE MADE EASY.



Hand guns did not come into use until about a fortnight after the discovery of gunpowder; the delay in producing them being, as usual, attributable to a contractor. In this instance, we regret being obliged to record that the blame is thrown by reliable historians upon a Connecticut person, the flints furnished by whom were tested by a board of competent military men, and found to be made, exclusively, of wood. On being impeached for this blunder, the contractor excused himself by stating that, as he made the flints by the cord, in the same manner as fire-wood, he considered that he had a right to dispose of them as fire-wood, and did so by the cord, accordingly. To the credit of a general officer of the day, who had sat so long upon the wooden flints that he has been handed down to posterity by the name of Touchwood, he cut the matter short by saying that "as the contractor had furnished spurious flints by the cord, so he must die by the cord," and ordered him to be strung up on the nearest tree as soon as ever he had finished his breakfast. They happened to be in the middle of a great prairie then, where there was not a tree in sight; and upon a base line being drawn and triangulation made by a lieutenant of engineers, it was found that the nearest tree was a small persimmon, that stood by the side of a pond about three hundred miles distant from the fort. This changed the aspect of affairs for the Connecticut person, who was taken into the confidence of the board of competent military men, at once, and subsequently realized a large sum of money by altering his wooden flints into "chips" of the kind used in gaming, and disposing of them to the gamblers who greatly abounded at the station.

About this time, matchlocks of a very inferior construction were thrown into the market. They were called breech-loaders. The charge was inserted at the touch-hole, out at which it usually found its way when the lucifer match or lighted end of a cigar was applied to it, killing the arquebusier, and frequently disfiguring his features so much as to render them a burden to him for the remainder of his life. On this account they soon went into disuse—that is, the breech-loaders did, not the features.

Shortly after this, a mechanic of great originality and genius, whose name, unfortunately, has gone astray somewhere in the lapse of time, conceived the idea of the ramrod. Fired with his idea, the enterprising inventor declared his intention of "putting it through," which he soon did. For, at the very first trial, having charged the gun with powder, he forgot to withdraw the ramrod, which was discharged, consequently, and put through the hats of a board of militia officers who were present at the time: nor was its rapid career stopped until it had gone through a flitch of bacon, a bar-room, several windows, and the Court of Bankruptcy, which happened to be in the way just at that moment, as usual.

A Tale of a Tub.

One of the prisoners confined in Fort Lafayette, Lowber by name, attempted to escape lately by embarking in a wash-tub. What means of propulsion he meant to employ we are not informed; but, considering the description of craft selected by him for his conveyance, it is reasonable to suppose that he calculated upon being washed ashore.

"Personalities in Wit."

Calling Things by their proper names.

AS TO THE BURLESQUE BUSINESS.

A Protest.

My Dear V. F.—Pardon the abruptness of the question, but—are you demented? Do people inquire at your office if the Senior Maniac is in, or request to have a few moments conversation with the Sub-Idiot? Because really, my dear V. F., it begins to look that way.

You began to gibber last week. The article entitled "A Few Able Remarks"—Disabled Remarks it would have been more proper to call them—was the one in which your lunacy was proclaimed. Are you aware, sir, of the tenor of that article? Do you know that in a moment of wild recklessness you proposed to overturn all the established usages of society? Let me recall to your mind some portion of your raving:

"We are going to establish a Burlesque Furniture Depot, a Burlesque Line of Stages, a Burlesque Dwelling House, a Burlesque Hardware Store, and so on. We shall found Schools of Burlesque, and publish text books of Burlesque—our burlesque Arithmetic, Primer, Geography and Atlas, Astronomy, History, Grammar and Dictionary will shortly appear."

Now I don't pretend to be clever, like you, Mr. V. F. I am a plain, practical man with no nonsense about him, and I want to know what the deuce that all means. Is every thing in this world to be turned into ridiculous nonsense? Are my children—I have three, Peter, John Henry, and Angelina Jane—to be taught to burlesque the Author of their days . . . . and of their nights too, for that matter?

If I tell my eldest born to get me a broom splint to clean my pipe with, is he to bring me crowbar?

If I send Angelina Jane for a glass of water is she to return with a coal-scuttle full of gravy?

If, as the hallowed memories of the Past throng through my brain, I draw my beloved wife nearer to me and whisper fondly in her ear that I love her now even more than when we were both young together is she to respond: "O! my eye and Betty Martin!" or "Rip! snap! set 'em up again! right in the middle of a three cent pie!" and then cut a double shuffle?

I think not.

So Mr. V. F. the best thing you can do is to abandon your diabolical scheme and send the person who wrote "A Few Able Remarks" to the Bloomingdale Retreat.

Yours seriously,

An Old Buffer.

AN ARMY WANT.

In providing for the numerous requirements of the Army, it is well to consider, among other things, the full meaning of that pithy little utterance of Charles Lamb, "Books which are Books." Which means not Books, which like old dilapidated stockings, are to be sent to the soldier, because the owner has no further use for them—not Books, which are convenient missiles to shy at the head of a comrade, in a playful or earnest altercation—not Books which in their ponderosity are mere dead weights on a man's mental and physical activity, and are suitable only for pipe-lights—but Books amusing as well as instructive, and written to be read as well as to be given away.

In this connection, we have lately been led to doubt, whether works on Spherical and Plane Trigonometry, Controversial Theology, Scriptural Exegesis, Mental Philosophy and Classical Criticism—or Treatises in the narrative form, whose point of Moral is rather more striking than the interest of the tale—are just what the men are craving, or are likely to tend very strongly to displace in camp less pretentious publications of a demoralising and pernicious character.

In fact, there is reason to fear that very many otherwise unexceptionable books will prove useless to the soldier, simply by reason of their unattractiveness; and we have never ceased to rejoice that our favorite Cowper, instead of betaking himself, as he once diffidently expressed the intention of doing, to the didactic sphere of literary effort,—

"My timorous muse,
Unambitious Tracts pursues,"

finally determined to stick to his more congenial Task. Verily, the good Poet like some other good or even better men—might have read the world but indifferent lectures.

So excellent Committees, and well meaning Individuals generally, V. F. most respectfully suggests, that in place of the hard motto "*nullo discrimine agetur*, we will select books without the slightest discrimination" (our own translation,) you substitute Elia's more satisfactory guide, "Books which are Books.

A REBEL GUN-BOAT SEEN OFF FORT LAFAYETTE, A SHORT TIME SINCE.

To Oblige Bennett.

The *Herald*, which is always in want of something—chiefly decency—wants now a NAPOLEON. The *Herald* can't get along without a NAPOLEON and it says that our army can't either. We are not so sure about the army but the *Herald* seems to be in earnest. We recommend the *Herald* therefore to advertise, and gratuitously write out for it the form of advertisement necessary:

"Wanted, A NAPOLEON. Apply at the *Herald* office for two days between the hours of 10 and 4. To one capable of filling the position good wages and the comforts of a home will be guaranteed. Must bring the best of city references.

Vanity Fair to Wm. Wilson, Col.

DEAR BILLY:

Bully for you.

Yours, &c.

V. F.

Dramatic.

"THERE must be a rather dark future for the drama," observed MR. BEECHER, "when Seven Suns are even now required to make the theatre attractive."

"Now Comes the Tug of War."

This is what the rebels will say when our gun-boats get down among them.

THE RHYME OF THE REBEL.

A LAY OF LAFAYETTE.

All in a casemate I'm confined
. . . A Mate I never thought to get . . .
A row of sentinels behind,
A bay before that's very wet.

I do not live on gorgeous fare;
No sweetmeats on the board are spread;
And soldiers, when I take the air,
Point loaded muskets at my head.

I see the tall ships sailing by . . .
I would I were as free as they . . .
Like southward roving bird I'd fly,
Or, say, like PRICE, I'd run away.

Though bolts and bars confine me yet
Exempt from battle's wounds and scars,
I cannot Bolt, nor can I get
A drink from any of the Bars.

The floor is hard upon my bones,
And often it occurs to me
If there were sermons in the stones
Why, what a preaching there would be!

Great Britain may attack, I thought,
These harbor works, some stormy night,
But any Storm that takes the fort
Must Blow Great Guns, I'm aright.

I'm very sorry that my face
Against the Government is set,
And I shall less It, if Its place
Will get me out of Lafayette.

For when I stooped to steal and fight,
I thought that Cotton statute was King
I did not know the Union's might,
Nor count upon this sort of thing.

PACIFIC?—IS IT?

In common with the rest of mankind—guerillas not counted in—we rejoiced greatly when, a few days since, it was announced that the Pacific Ocean had been united to the Atlantic in the bonds of electricity. It was natural and right that we should have thus rejoiced. Anything Pacific within grasp of us was a comfort after long months of grasping the typical tomahawk forced into our mental clutch by the severe exigencies of war. The query "Was that a Dagger that we saw before us?" was continually recurring to our mind, whether our gaze happened to fall eagerly upon the festive knife and fork or dubiously upon the laborious pen: but some diversion in our favor appeared at length to be at hand, and we thought how sweet it would be to revel in a little daily truth from the Pacific, after going through a course of hourly lies from the Potomac. How mutable are the sentiments of life!—how evanescent its anticipations and hopes! Lies, indeed. Already have the "happy couple" above alluded to, the Pacific and Atlantic, shown signs of temper toward one another. Words have passed—there can be no doubt of that: but that some of them were hard words, we are sorry to perceive from what follows:

"The following telegraphic despatch was received in this city the same day it was sent from San Francisco:—

San Francisco, Oct. 26, 1861.

CYRUS W. FIELD, New York:—
The Pacific telegraph calls the Atlantic cable.

A. W. B.

That the Pacific Telegraph means nothing complimentary in thus characterising the Atlantic Cable in A. W. B., is but too evident from the slimy manner in which the initials are made to do duty for words. A. W. B., for instance, might stand for A Wheyfaced Beast; while it requires but very little imagination to conjure out of those letters the expression A Fishy-washy Blusterer. Also, they might readily be construed into the signification of A Water Butt—which, if truth, is, indeed, the worst kind of libel, might be justly actionable, and was judiciously kept out of sight. Numberless other interpretations of a character the reverse of flattering might be suggested from the mystic A. W. B.: but, on the whole, we are inclined to go in for the Water Butt, which, singularly enough, seems to have some Dry humor in it.

A FAMILY QUARREL, OR THE REASON WHY.

North.—I DID'NT MIND IT, SO LONG AS HE ONLY BULLIED AND THREATENED, BUT WHEN HE STRIKES YOU, MOTHER, I'TS TIME FOR ME TO THRASH HIM —HE'S GOT TO TAKE IT.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, a literary gentleman of antiquated tastes, not wholly unknown in connection with an obscure author named SHAKESPEARE, of whom he professes to be a scholar, or rather The Scholar, *par excellence*, and whose works he has edited, how, is not the question on the present occasion; Mr. WHITE, we say, having an abundance of leisure on his hands, has lately "given a few days to the preparation" of a dissertation on National Hymns. This dissertation, or "libel" as Mr. WHITE learnedly and justly calls it, is the result of his association with a number of gentlemen of this city, mostly of the mercantile persuasion, who elected themselves a Committee, ostensibly for the purpose of selecting a National Hymn, (for which they offered a fabulous number of shekels,) but really, it is whispered, for the gratification of their edible and bibulous propensities. They met o'nights at each other's palatial mansions, in the neighborhood of the Fifth Avenue, and unbent their mighty minds with Mumm and MS. The brimming beaker primed them with patriotism, the opulent oyster crammed them with criticism. Saddle Rocks sat in judgment on sentiment; Blue Points blazed away at bathos; and the mingled exaltation and exasperation of the East Rivers, as they alternated between the excellent and the execrable—what tongue or pen can describe? The number of MSS. they received has been made public, the number of oysters they devoured has not; like the "nobody hurt" at Sumter, or the Unknown Quantity in Algebra, it passeth understanding! Twelve Hundred songs to read—had V. F. been on that Committee the succession of the whole bivalve family would have been endangered.

From this terrible twelve hundred Mr. WHITE has selected a dozen or more for his libel. We shall not venture to quote from it, for the world, which forgives much in a commentator, forgives nothing in a comic writer. It is one thing to edit SHAKESPEARE, another to edit VANITY FAIR.

Would V. F. have printed a National Hymn, in the first stanza of which the Anthem of Liberty is not only bidden to wake in its loftiness, and sweep the land, (new anthems sweep clean, we suppose, like new brooms,) but also to light patriot fires, and pledge the old flag! Anthem of Liberty, indeed! Who ever heard of an anthem sweeping, making fires, and pledging things? The poet must have been thinking of his maid of all work,—if he has one. Pledge the old flag—why, it is still in the possession of our Uncle, (the avuncular SAMUEL, you know,) and is likely to be for some time yet. There's the new flag, now, the Secession Rag—the C. S. A., (Consolidated Swindling Association?) would gladly raise the wind on *that*, if the poet would only show them how.

"A grand, a truly noble lyric, this," says Mr. WHITE, speaking of the aforesaid Anthem of Liberty. It grieves V. F. to disagree with "SHAKESPEARE'S Scholar," but in this instance he really must.

In the course of his dissertation (we beg pardon, libel,) on National Hymns, Mr. WHITE discusses the authorship and the merits of "God Save the King," and "The Marseillaise." The former, he tells us, has been attributed to JOHN BULL, an English musician of the time of ELIZABETH and JAMES I.; the latter, let us tell him, has been attributed to JOHN VEAL, (JOINVILLE?) a French prince of the time of LOUIS PHILLIPE and NAPOLEON III. Of this JOHN BULL, (the ancestor, we presume of the present JOHN,) a story is related by WOOD, (query? FERNANDO,) in his *Fasti Oxon.* (a Latin treatise on fasting oxen,) to the effect that he—(BULL, not the blockhead, WOOD,) discovered himself to a musician at St. Omer's by taking a piece of music in forty parts, and adding forty other parts to it. "The fact is," says Mr. WHITE, "as any person who can read a musical score, knows, physically impossible." We deny the *impossibility* of any *fact*, least of all of this one: for forty parts contain but two score, and eighty only four score, as any tyro in arithmetic knows. Did Mr. WHITE never hear of a musician of four score? If so, he is more ignorant than we had imagined.

To return to "God Save the King." It was not written by HENRY CAREY, as Mr. WHITE alleges, but by CAREY'S daughters, ALICE and PHŒBE, ("Mother CAREY'S Chickens," they are sometimes called,) of whom he may have heard. It *is* a Jacobite song, however, as he supposes; for it was written for the original JACOBS.

We have a bone of considerable magnitude to pick with Mr. WHITE. He devotes whole pages of his libel to the English and French National Hymns, but hasn't a word—certainly not a good word—for either "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," or "The Star Spangled Banner." We don't care a Continental, (the new magazine, not the old objurgation) whether he likes them or not; but we maintain that it was his duty to have given us their history. We shall endeavor to supply his neglect.

"The Star Spangled Banner," was written by a young gentleman named KEY. His history is wrapped in considerable obscurity, one biographer making his family identical with that of LOCKE, (in the words of HOBBES, the English Philosopher,

"What's a key without a lock,
What's a lock without a key?")

another of Spanish origin. We incline to the latter opinion, having frequently met members of the family, with remarkably Spanish characteristics. They were unmistakeable Don Keys.

The music of "The Star Spangled Banner," is not original. It is an old French air, Mr. WHITE tells us, and is known in England as "Anacreon in Heaven." There is no such air, Mr. WHITE. It is not "Anacreon in Heaven," (what would that jolly old Greek be doing there?) but "ANNA CREAN in Heaven"—Miss ANNA CREAN, the favorite sister of the lady of a well-known journalist, whose loss it celebrates. She was the heroine of his pathetic ballad "My MARY ANNE," and the subject of the well-known anthem,

"Hark! the *Herald's* angel sings!"

Apropos of the Keys. Another member of the family, and by all odds the worst, is busy at the South writing war-songs—Whis key! And this leads us back to the air of "The Star Spangled Banner," which was first imported into America by PAINE. This PAINE, whose Christian name was ROBERT, was fond of the key we have just mentioned, and had a habit of introducing his friends to it several times a day, (the vulgar call it "treating") which was the origin of the cognomen by which he is sometimes known—*Treat* PAINE! He is the author of "Adams and Liberty." (There was another PAINE, irreverently called TOM, who after a youth of folly wrote "The Age of Reason," but the less we say about him the better.)

We should like to pursue this theme, (as young writers remark when they are written out!) but our limits warn us that we must close.

A word further.

There is a note in Mr. WHITE'S volume which we do not understand. It is at the bottom of the 133d page, and is as follows: "The late '*World*' newspaper of New York, is of course not referred to." Of course not. But why "late" World, when, like WEBSTER, The World still lives? A light breaks upon us. Mr. WHITE meant to hint, as delicately as possible, that the World is backward in coming forward: that it lacks energy and enterprise; that its news are old: in short that it is too Late. How could you, Mr. WHITE, remembering, as you must have done, the passage of your favorite poet,

"Ingratitude, thou Marble-hearted fiend!"

Would it not have been better to have quoted the line from BYRON, (whose lines by the way seldom fall in pleasant places!)

"*I have not loved the World, nor the World me.*"

CATECHISM FOR LITTLE REBELS.

Q.—What is the most wonderful Fleet in the C. S. Navy?

A.—The "Mosquito."

Q.—What is the Mosquito celebrated for?

A.—For its Hum.

Q.—Who is its Hum?

A.—Commander HOLLINS.

Q.—Which would you prefer for mail-clad vessels, to Iron or Steel Plate them?

A.—I would prefer to Steal Plate.

Q.—If closely pursued by Yankees, yet forced to encamp, where would you pitch your tents?

A.—Pitch 'em away, and run like thunder!

Q.—Suppose the Yankees should send you an officer with a Flag of Truce; how would you receive him?

A.—Stick him, and take his watch.

Q.—In your opinion, how could this War have been prevented?

A.—By killing all the fools.

Q.—What is a Great Victory?

A.—Any fight in which we are not badly licked.

Q.—Can you instance any such in the present War?

A.—No, sir.

Q.—What attitude does England assume toward America, just now?

A.—A Lying Attitude.

Q.—Which Generals have been the most successful, so far, the Northern, or the Southern?

A.—The Southern.

Q.—Why so?

A.—Because they have succeeded in all they have tried to do.

Q.—And what have they tried to do?

A.—Nothing.

Q.—Do you know of any Southern product that can affect the destinies of the Confederacy more than Cotton?

A.—Yes; one.

Q.—What is it?

A.—Hemp.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

REBEL AGRICULTURE—A MISSISSIPPI SHELLEY AND PLANTER.

HOW TO TALK ABOUT 'EM.

So long ago as the defeat of FLOYD at Gauley Bridge by Gen. ROSENCRANS it became evident to the mind of VANITY FAIR that a new system of reportorial phraseology would have to be adopted for the especial benefit of the Rebels. The basis of such a system is found in the great fact that the Rebels are all thieves. They have stolen everything that they could possibly lay their hands on. Beginning with the forts in Charleston and the sub-treasury at New Orleans, they have descended in the straight line of filching to the spoliation of a Western showman's monkeys and "wax-figgers." Being thieves, then, beyond all dispute how can we with any regard for consistency apply to them those terms that can only be applied to an honorable soldiery? It cannot be done! Even the daily papers, with whom we pick this bone, confess as much. At the time of the Gauley Bridge affair, we remember, one or two of our leading dailies headed their reports with this line in great staring type:

RETREAT OF FLOYD THE THIEF!

Now it is with this very head-line that our reform steps in. Thieves do not "retreat," Messrs. Editors. They "pad the hoof," "lope," "namaze" "pike into Daisyville," etc. To apply to their fugitive movements any other terms than those is to be guilty of the grossest anachronism. The same rule holds good throughout, and the Battle of Gauley Bridge, for instance, should properly have been described in this wise:

"The notorious cove, FLOYD, with about 3000 of his pals, attempted yesterday to crack one of Uncle SAM's cribs in Western Virginia. The crib was planted, however, by the Union fly-cop ROSENCRANS and a gang of traps. Stagging ROSENCRANS, FLOYD roared out 'Dakma the bloke and clear his gole!' But it was no go. The Philistine came down on FLOYD and his pals like a bag o' nails, and surfeited about 300 of them with blue plum. FLOYD now moved his beaters across the river. The lay of these coves was a dusty one. For two months they had gadded the hoof, their peck had been very quisby all the time and now their white-velvet was all gone and they had nothing to slubice their gobs with. In the night FLOYD tipped the wid and by morning the whole gang had loped. It is confidently expected, however, that this notorious scrubado will be lagged, and scragged too, before many months are past."

This style of reporting might not be very intelligible to the majority of readers at first, but, if generally adopted, we are confident that they would get used to it after a while.

In the course of time the system might be simplified, and the "Rebellion Record" enriched by the applicatien of neat and appropriate aliases to the more prominent of the enemy's generals. Thus BEAUREGARD would soon figure in the morning papers as DOWNY PETER, WISE as CACKLING HEN, the Missouri fugitive as PRICE the PIKER, while MCCULLOUGH would go down to posterity as GONOFFIN BEN.

So radical a reform in daily journalism could not fail to react upon the stage. Our system once adopted, we can expect nothing less than that "A Gentleman of this City," will avail himself of it and furnish us a contemporaneous drama in which BEAUREGARD, as one of the dramatis personæ, looking across the turbid waters of the Potomac at Washington (*F.*) shall vent himself in English heroics, in—well, say somewhat in this style:—

I see a crib that no one South can crack,
We've lost our "JIMMY," would we had him back!—
Old ABE's a prig that all my coves do fear,
And with MCCLELLAN keeps me quiet here.
Else quick I'd cross and bienly dub the jigger,
Pinch all the swag, put darbies on each nigger;
Then nap the regulars and go a hazard,
Cramp BILLY SEWARD, stave in CHASE's mazzard,
Show all the North the Constitution's played out,
And lay out mudsills until all are laid out.
At WILLARD's afterwards we'd call the roll,
Order up booze and never post the cole.
Mounting my prad I'd go then to the forts,
Take all my bob culls and my bené morts.
I'd hold high revel, sluice my gob alway,
Ne'er fash myself, nor think of cramping-day,
But Bingavast's the word! I must namaze,
MCCLELLAN's cutty eyed and knows my lays;
He's fly enough to shut up every boozing-ken;
If *I* did that each day I would be losing men.
Kinchins and cullies, all must have their bingo,
Keep the lush from them and they'll lope, by jingo!
Our game is dusty, but we cannot stop;
It's either fight or take the morning drop.

[*Enter one of Beauregard's coves, hurriedly.*]

COVE.—The cops are comin'!

BEAUREGARD.——Then I'll stow my wid,
Button my bone-box and do as FLOYD did.

[*Runs off* (*R.*) *as Federal skirmishers enter* (*L.*)]

As to Lowber.

Apropos of the attempted escape from Fort Lafayette last week the *World* naïvely remarks:

"How LOWBER obtained the means by which he hoped to escape is yet a mystery. On Saturday a woman had been allowed to pass into the fort on pretence of seeing her husband, and it is supposed she may have furnished them."

The "means of escape" here referred to are thus enumerated:

A long rope;
A life preserver;
A large new wash-tub.

We can account for the rope and the life preserver. They might have been smuggled in by "the woman." But candor compels us to state that the large new wash-tub "gits" us. Perhaps, however, "the woman" concealed that in her reticule.

"Art is long—Life short."

It has been stated, from time to time, that some of the artists of the illustrated journals have exposed themselves very conspicuously to danger in several of the recent skirmishes. This is very rash of the artists: but it is possible that they thus put themselves in the front, professionally, with a view to Drawing the enemy's fire.

Why Lowber didn't get away from Fort Lafayette.

Because the Watch there is so arranged that it can't have any "Escape Movements."

"THERE'S SOMETHING TOUCHING IN THAT"—as the unprofessional visitor to the battle field said when the cannon ball grazed his nose.

JEANETTE AND JEANNOT.

[Corrected at the suggestion of the Broadway Brigadiers.]

JEANETTE.

You are going far away, far away from poor JEANETTE!
There's no one left to love me, now, and you too, may forget.
With those straps upon your shoulders and that sabre by your side,
You'll attract some Southern lady and be making her your bride.
Now you wear that uniform and that tri-colored cockade,
You'll forget the one who loves you and whose happiness you made.
Yes, with straps upon your shoulders and that sabre by your side,
You will capture some fair rebel and be making her your bride!
You will capture some fair rebel and be making her your bride!

JEANNOT.

You're mistaken, dear JEANETTE! I do not go away,
I simply wear this uniform to promenade Broadway.
True I look just like a soldier, but I only make believe,
Do you think to save the Union, I DELMONICO's would leave?
No! Let others do the fighting, while I the honor share,
For green folks think I've 'listed since this uniform I wear!
The Home Guard I belong to, most surely will disband
The moment we are certain that there's any work on hand!
A blue and gilt deception, O, my dear JEANETTE, I stand.

BIOGRAPHICS.

BY OUR GRAPHIC MAN.

AUGUSTUS.

Every man ought to have a biography. It is essential to happiness. Provided we can accumulate a sufficiency of time, we intend to write and publish biographies of the several names in the Metropolitan Directory, and the country at large—including Mr. SMITH and our enthusiastic Office Boy. Justice shall, so far as we are concerned, be done up in small parcels and promptly delivered to every man, woman and child in this city, on this continent, and in Coxsackie. What more could you ask? Eh? What more?

Our style in the matter of the biographies shall be æsthetic and phosphorescent, also opaque and mysterious, like that of the great critical writers of the day upon burlesque dramas. At times we shall emit sarcasm—occasionally let fly the fatal fling, wreathe riotous roses of reeking wit and rampant humor. Tenacity shall also be found in our style—possibly there are some who may not comprehend what we mean by a "tenacity of style," if so let them call in a carriage between the hours of thirty and forty P. M. at this office, and partake of a verbal explanation.

It is perfectly clear to the *Tribune* that the Seven Sons are the cause of slavery and contrabandage. This fact, if fact it be, exerts no small influence—no facts do, do they? Of course not. Why should they? Are not facts stubborn things? Are they not cross-grained and self-willed. Do they ever give way or make room? The fact of the Seven Sons is enough—and so is slavery. We are growing tenacious. The biography of the Sons will receive excellent attention in due course. We have thus far been betrayed by a traitor. We have been led from the subject in hand, but being willing to forgive ourselves let us return forthwith. Style is what troubles many—it troubles the *Ledger* exceedingly, but seldom the *Herald*. The *World* has it bad in several places, and the *Times* is thick with it. We are insured against any plague of the sort in a Wall street fire insurance company, so that there is no fear of our eloquence burning disastrously—unless indeed the policy should expire, in which case we shall let the company provide it with a funeral at our expense. We know we are terse and vigorous—although we do not know positively what terse may mean, and are a little unsettled with regard to the word vigorous. We think that the Sunday Papers are gifted with terseness and fascinating vigor. If they are not at all events they have something else, and whatever it is we intend to get some of it.

There are times that "try mens' souls," and that is about all they do, but they do not try them half so severely as a straight out Sunday paper. If one reads one carefully he has to at least peruse the Hoboken journals afterwards in order to re-establish his brains, on the homœopathic principle. Hoping that enough has been said now to excuse our giving a regular preface, we will proceed to try a little biography.

AUGUSTUS—What of him? Hark ye, querists! AUGUSTUS is a milk white young man, patented by an evening journal, snatched from the Personals of the *Herald*, and first brought before the public by ourselves. He was born at the age of fourteen, and was immediately orphaned. During his youth he was, it is said, frequently asked the question "How came you so?" but his answers are not reported. His first essay as a humorist was a work in four volumes, previously published in the paper to which he is more attached than it is to him, and entitled the

"IDIOT'S DELIGHT; BY HIMSELF."

In this he displayed considerable fluent flatulency, as for instance where he apostrophized the "Eight Cages of Heliogabalus Sparrow Kites and Five Hundred Limerick Oysters." As the founder of several staunch patriotic gags, he is also to be mentioned.

That he has had dealings with stage managers, and is not wholly innocent of burlesque is easily inferred. It seems a maxim of actors and managers that, alluding to GUSSY, "No theatre should be without him." There are reasons for classing him as the original author of the Cribbed and Serious Burlesque—for at filching from the French he is accomplished, and always renders the several parts into English and Meeting House humor besides. According to AUGUSTUS the province of burlesque is purely instructive and partakes of the probable. In burlesque the fairy is as easily accounted for as the policeman and tadpole; so also the proximity of Hades and the Good Village. A lizard four feet long crawling through a keyhole is quite allowable provided he can be made to allude to Gen. MCCLELLAN, or give the standard toast of Lager and La guerre—"One flag, one country, zwei lager!" There is no philosophy in burlesque except you insist on it. Extravaganza is as yet free and untrammelled and "long may she wave!"

Comedy is not now-a-days comedy unless it be palpable—everything should be palpable to meet with the requirements of civilization.

It has never been definitely ascertained what AUGUSTUS would take to stop writing, but we should say that arsenic would be about the thing. His puns are notoriously thick, lobby, round, hard, heavy articles, too cumbersome for any man to swallow unless he has paid fifty cents at a play house with the intention of swallowing everything the management may see fit to offer. It is generally opined that the fair AUGUSTUS's cream laid jokes are due to a diet of shrimps and water-cresses, with an occasional gooseberry tart. The latter will in a measure account for the sarcastic corrodings that at times are found even in his most finished productions.

The ghosts of his puns prowl about the street at night and encounter you amid a lurid glare emitted from their own corpses. Policemen have been frightened to death or sobriety by them—children have been thrown into convulsions, and mothers set raving distracted. We have heard of them being out as late as three o'clock A. M.—looking for AUGUSTUS, their master and guardian. Where was he at that hour? Where, O where? Why does he allow the manes of his beloved offspring to leave their burial place and pursue their mad career about the happy streets of our goodly town? Oh, why? What do they want? Why should they seek to torture us? What have we done? AUGUSTUS, take them in hand as we do you, collect and gather them together, and cast them into a flaming fire.

The Great Guns of Journalism.

"Those twelve and fifteen-inch Columbiads must be terrible engines of destruction," remarked the Poet, from behind his morning paper.

"Yes," responded X.; "they are remarkably like the dailies you are perusing."

"And how so?" inquired the Poet.

"Why, their Great Bores are always getting off Heavy Articles!" said X. "Let us go and liquor."

The tod was genial.